

TOC H JOURNAL



JUNE
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PUBLISHED BY TOC H FROM ITS HEADQUARTERS, AT
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Toc H for New Friends

What it is

Toc H is out to win men's friendship and their service for the benefit of others. It stands, always but especially now, when values which seemed permanent are being discarded, for truth and understanding, for unselfishness and fair dealing, for individual freedom based on a practical Christian outlook on life. Toc H works under a Royal Charter granted by H.M. King George V in 1922.

How it started

It began with Talbot House (Toc H is the signaller's way of saying T.H.) opened in 1915 in the Belgian town of Poperinghe, the nearest habitable point in the Ypres Salient. It was intended to be a sort of soldiers' rest house where men back from the line could find refreshment for body, mind and spirit. Owing largely to the Rev. P. B. Clayton, an Army Chaplain in charge, it soon secured a reputation in the British Expeditionary Force as a place of friendship and cheerfulness. It welcomed men not merely to a meal and writing material but to the small homely things that mean so much. Many who used it found their way to the Chapel in the loft and gained fresh strength to realise that "behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the Eternal Realities."

1919 to 1939

"Tubby" Clayton and a few survivors saw the need to recapture in peace-time the spirit of comradeship in common service and sacrifice which they had learnt in war and to pass it on to a new generation. The idea spread. By 1939 Toc H was established in over 1,000 places in the United Kingdom and had forged a chain linking 500 more throughout the Empire and beyond. The Old House at Poperinghe and its Upper Room, given back to Toc H, has been visited by many thousands, who have gained, as those before them, fresh strength to play their part steadfastly and cheerfully. More than 20 hostels (called Marks) have been opened and are available for those who get the chance to use them.

What it means in practice

In his efforts to further the objects for which Toc H exists, each member has what is called the Toc H Compass to guide him. Its Four Points may thus be summarised:

To Think Fairly. To win a chivalry of mind, whereby he will not be overready to condemn honest difference, but will be humbleminded in his judgment of great issues, avoiding prejudice and striving for truth.

To Love Widely. To learn the habit of trying day by day to understand and to help all sorts and conditions of men.

To Witness Humbly. Toc H is rooted in the supreme conviction that the great thing is to spread the weekday Christian Gospel. Every member is pledged to do his blundering bit by carrying the contagion quietly. The point here is that lives speak while words are merely spoken.

To Build Bravely. (a) To be resolute in building his own life, without forgetting that what matters most is not what he can do for himself but what he can do for others. (b) To see in Toc H a bridge between himself and the lives of others, and to build it bravely, regarding his share in doing so as a sacred trust.

Membership

Toc H wants men who are willing to put service before self, are trying to think fairly and are willing to offer friendship. You probably won't be asked to join, but if you feel you want to share in this great adventure, let us know. It will cost you no more than you can afford. If you would like to know more about it, ask any member you know or write to Toc H Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

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THE DAY OF BATTLE

THIS is not a moment for much editorial formality. The JOURNAL reaches its readers very late this month, and I will explain why. The Editor is also Warden of St. Stephen's Services Club, which has been busy day and night during the Battle of Flanders. We begin at last to realise that London is on the edge of the battlefield, and may at any moment be brought even closer—even as Paris now is. Under the new conditions of war it is not fantastic to compare our position with that of the Old House at Poperinghe and its concern with the old-fashioned fighting at Ypres. Our nation has been slow, as it usually is, to realise unpleasant truth. There are still some people in the London streets, and probably many in remoter parts of the country, who do not appear to know that there is "a war on." Calm and cheerfulness are grand and common virtues just now—but absorption in the racing news and grumbles about the sugar ration are not. A French officer, just out of Dunkirk, said to me in this club a few days ago, "If you see a man of military age playing golf now you should arrest him as a traitor to his country." That may be a hard saying, but it is understandable as the point of view of a nation cruelly invaded, in which, as the same officer said, *every* man from 18 to 45 is a soldier, whether in the army or in industry or on the land.

For more than a week now we have had the honour of doing what we can at St. Stephen's for the soldiers and sailors of France. Day after day parties have been sent to us to rest for a night or a few hours before passing on to the camps in England where they are being re-formed and refitted to go back into action. The first was a party of

170, soldiers and sailors mixed, out of Boulogne. They came at night, at a quarter of an hour's notice from the R.T.O. Only our usual small night staff was on duty, our food supply was not set out for immediate emergency. A handful of volunteers were hastily summoned by telephone, all hands manned the kitchen and we were ready to cope with the bus-loads of exhausted men when they reached our front door. Till the early hours of next morning we were very busy.

Next day they passed on, refreshed and grateful. Their place was taken at once by a party of French sailors, with three officers, who had rowed out into the Channel from Calais in small boats under fire and were picked up eventually by a British trawler. The ship's boy was slightly wounded in the head, a merry small lad as soon as he was washed and fed; with him was his grizzled father. These were grand men, fit partners of the Royal Navy.

Another party, sent to us by mistake but fed and rested and sent on, consisted of civilians, the French postal staff of British G.H.Q. They were led by the chief engineer, whose gallantry they all praised. Among them was a woman whose soldier husband was missing in the fighting, whose parents had been killed among the refugees, whose home had been completely destroyed. Her most prized possessions, she said, were "the friendship of the English" and a uniform cap of the Royal Corps of Signals, wrapped carefully in paper. She hoped to go back to France next day—"to fight, if possible, as a soldier." With another large contingent of French officers and men came a few Belgian officers, whose position, after their King's

action in which they did not acquiesce, was clearly difficult. They were steady, undefeated men, determined to make good again. One told us that he had contrived to get the arms of his regiment into French instead of German hands when the surrender was ordered, another that he had, with several brother officers, seized a fishing-boat on the Belgian coast and worked her across the Channel in four days.

Among our guests was also a party of blue-bonneted Chasseurs Alpins from Norway. They staggered in, smiling, under the heaviest kits I have ever seen a man carry—'bergen' rucksacks, with blankets, climbing boots, snow-shoes, skis and goodness knows what attached. Some wore picturesque beards and many were the toughest men you could hope to meet.

But I am not making a mere catalogue of our many hundreds of guests, even if I could remember them all, nor attempting to re-tell the stories of peril, hardship, cruelty and heroism we have heard on all sides. We have received only very few men of the B.E.F. in these days, for we were allotted a special function in serving the French. But there is no difference, we find, in the main point—the morale of the men themselves, in both Allied armies. Our guests often arrive terribly exhausted. They have fought mile after mile with General Prioux's grand Army of the North. They have not had their clothes off for ten days, nor slept more than an hour or two at a time; they have not been between sheets (which we give them) since the war began. Many have come from lying in holes in the sand on the beaches near Dunkirk, others have stood in sea water, up to their chests, for hours before they could be hoisted into the boats; all have endured merciless bombing and machine-gun fire, the peril of instant death, the loss of comrades. Four senior French officers reached us yesterday in British privates' battle dress, 'plimsolls' on their feet, no hats on their heads and a small brown-paper parcel each in their hands. They had been torpedoed in the dark and picked up, and they laughed as they told us the story.

Dirty, unshaven, haggard, footsore, these

men tramp up our stairs, fling down their kits—if they have saved anything, get under the shower baths, even visit our barber before sitting down to eat. We are able now to issue them such things as razors, tooth brushes, combs, towels and soap, and—most essential—socks to replace the rags on their blistered feet. The sight of a bed with clean sheets and supper on the table puts the old sparkle into them. One night one of our women volunteers started up the *Marseillaise* on the piano in the dining room as supper was ending. The whole roomful rose to its feet and sang. For an hour the concert went on, one French solo or chorus after another; it continued in the lounge and ended in the dancing of the *Lambeth Walk*! One of them gave the club a new name—*l'Hôtel du Bon Dieu*—and we are proud of it.

The French soldier, having seen the utter destruction of his own land and the massacre of his own kinsfolk, takes a grimmer attitude than most men of the B.E.F. But they are at one in their determination to fight to the limit of their powers and most of them are utterly confident of final victory. "*On les aura*"—"we'll have them," the famous motto of the last war, is on their lips again. There is this noticeable difference. Whereas the French soldier never had any doubts about the danger to his country and the meaning of 'total war,' the British soldier often says to us, "Some of us didn't quite know what it was all about—we all know now."

* * * *

It is not for me to appraise the Battle of Flanders or to prophesy what its result will be and its place in history. The epic of the last ten days has found many eloquent spokesmen. When all seemed lost the greatest thing for an army remained—unbroken morale. The fighting retirement of the British and French, betrayed by a break on both flanks, harassed by undreamt of bombardment from the air and hampered on every road by the tragic stream of refugees, has ended in the evacuation of 335,000 men from the Channel ports, in conditions demanding almost incredible steadiness and skill. Well was the place where the rearguard stood called the



Chasseurs Alpins at St. Stephen's—"Thumbs Up!"

'Corunna Line.' Some troops are said to be able to advance but not to retire. The British soldier, not only at Corunna, never shows better than in a rearguard battle. Mons, Gallipoli, the 'March show' in 1918, and now especially the new Battle of Flanders have tested his coolness and extreme tenacity in apparent disaster. What the enemy expected to be a rout has been turned into victorious defeat—a grave military loss and a grand moral gain. The French First Army have repeated the heroism of Verdun. And without the British Navy and a host of merchant sailors the final stage would have been impossible. Every B.E.F. man who returns says "Thank God for the Royal Navy," and a French officer who saw our bluejackets in action told me that he was resolved for the rest of his life to raise his hat whenever he met one.

* * * *

It is wonderful that so much has been saved. We do not yet know all that has been

lost or may yet be rescued. The toll, in any event, is very heavy. It is natural that we should think specially of what is our personal concern. Members are asking what has happened to the Old House. Precise details may not be available for a long time—or indeed ever. Many of our guests at St. Stephen's had retired through towns near Poperinghe like Armentières, Bailleul and Cassel, and all of these are described in one word—'flat.' One French officer told me that he had been through Poperinghe itself. It was being heavily bombarded. He noticed a part of Skindles Hotel still standing; he could not identify Talbot House from my description. He had to hurry out while the bombs and shells were still falling. It is not in the least likely that any of the Old House remains. We all hope that our most faithful stewards, René and Olida Bérat, and our other friends have escaped.

And what of our own men with the B.E.F.? Pat Leonard and Grahame Hamil-

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ton both reached home just before the storm broke. At the moment of writing we have no news of the five Toc H men who were inside the circle of fire in Flanders—Rex Calkin, Reg Staton, Col. Bonham-Carter, Hugh Pilcher and Padre Austen Williams. Mark I B.E.F., from which we had the latest news of them, now a fortnight old, must have been destroyed, as must Mark III. Some of them, we believe, were in Poperinghe on May 17, and one rumour runs that Toc H had been seen evacuating civilians from there. We await news very anxiously indeed.

Of the others, based on Mark II in a city outside the area of the battle, we know more. One of them, Jock Steel, brought his wife home when all British women were ordered out by the authorities. They arrived late one night, very tired, both in Toc H uniform, at St. Stephen's Club. They wanted to go back again as soon as possible but are still in England. Ben Dakin at the time was in the South of France raising funds for the work, Norman McPherson is in a western base, with a job to do; Jackson was trying to get back to Mark II. Such is our scanty information at the moment. It may be superseded by other news at any time.

* * * *

The first testing is over and has not found us wanting. Since the opening day of the war the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force have been continually in action—with what a spirit everyone knows and thinks on proudly. The Army has just been through its first big battle, which has turned the youngest soldier into a veteran and shown his quality in a shining light. New tests await us and will not long be delayed. We must face shock on shock of the cruellest and most ruthless kind—this is 'total' warfare as the world has not seen it before, and it is likely to touch our own soil and homes, anywhere, at any time. Not one of us is "above the battle"—we are due to be inside it.

Meanwhile, in France an immense new battle is already joined—in places which some

of us saw destroyed twenty-four years ago and since rebuilt. Some of these places are in a countryside once well named '*Santerre*'—for you can translate the word either as 'holy ground' or 'field of blood.' By the time these words are in print the issue of this struggle may be plain: the world's freedom may be brought nearer salvation or be even more sorely stricken. In any event many thousands of men who should be living to enjoy it will be dead. And great treasures of beauty and happiness will have vanished from the earth.

"We all know now," as the soldier said, "what it is about." We know, more clearly than ever in this last few weeks, how monstrous is the evil we fight against. We all know who is beside us in this life-and-death struggle—as Mr. Duff Cooper expressed it, "the people in all countries, in Germany as elsewhere, who believe in justice and peace." We all know that defeat is not to be so much as thought of, for it would put us under a rule which is robbing life of everything we cherish as real and worth living for. At long last we are a nation awake to the facts of the time. We desire and deserve no praise for this tardy awakening. But let another sum us up now, the American Emerson, writing thus in 1856:—

"ENGLAND! I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better on a cloudy day, and that in storm and battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All Hail!

Mother of Nations,
Mother of Heroes,

and strength still equal to the time."

There is much to say, but I will not further intrude now. Only this—let every single one of us take to himself these words (first spoken, I think, by the Dean of St. Paul's the other day) as his motto for the time present and to come: *It all depends on me—and I depend on God.*

B. B.

TOC H IN ORKNEY

EVERY member knows that Tubby, who was in Scotland on the outbreak of war, went at once to the Orkneys, where it was clear that the Naval base at Scapa Flow would provide a great opportunity for Toc H to serve men. But all of us do not realise the extent of Toc H work there and how it has spread from the first centre at Kirkwall to other parts of the islands. A general summary was given by Tubby to a meeting of the House of Commons Group in April, when he was in London. He said:—

"Toc H in Orkney, which was one place only when I last came here, has now developed greatly. Let me inform you as to the five centres. First, Toc H Kirkwall is a range of buildings able to deal with some two thousand men. It is unique in Orkney in its size, and in its character, and in its friendship. It has throughout a first rate reputation; thousands of men by sea and land are grateful. Hundreds have come within the working membership, after a careful process of selection. Besides this great establishment in Kirkwall we have now Wakefield House, run by "Ma" Wray, who has a life-long friendship with the fisherfolk who mainly man the drifters and the trawlers. Her little house is crammed with them at night. I only wish that you could see them there. If any of you could afford the time, no one would be more welcome than yourselves. Only last week we had delightful visits from Major Neven-Spence and Mr. Ashley Cooper, who jointly came to open our big extensions. Then there is our fine site at Netherbutton called Hankey House, mainly for men in camp who cannot go too far from the guns and searchlights. Across the Flow, Halifax House now stands at a strategic spot where Major Baird and Wing Commander Risk intend to keep an open house for members in destroyers; and finally the Pilgrim Trust have helped in the establishment of Pilgrim House at Woodwick, a delightful site in Orkney, where men can come, and sick men can be sent by the three Services in due proportion. This is away from war, a perfect place where rest and peace and genuine re-creation can be found.

"The work of welfare and the work of healing are equally within our sphere in Orkney, and I have nothing to report to-night beyond my thanks to the three Services and to the members in the House of Commons who have sustained, both by their gifts and influence, this Toc H work. We have come through the winter without a scratch on any of our Houses, and we have got much reason to be thankful. During the summer we are going forward with a firm hope that matters will now mend."

We can add a little more detail. The opening of the original house in Kirkwall, which had to be specially built in stone in a place

where spare houses are non-existent and the weather is often wild, was described in these pages some months ago and a picture of its cheerful hall, decorated for the children's Christmas party, was also reproduced. Now a little about some of the extensions to this original work.

Wakefield House

First, Wakefield House. Here is what Sutherland Graeme, ex-chairman of Toc H and now chairman of the Toc H Committee in Orkney, says about it:—

"This House, which has been leased by Toc H for the period of the war, was opened early in January, 1940. It is conveniently situated on the shore of Kirkwall Bay and from its windows there is a splendid view of sea and islands with a background of heathery hills some miles distant. The primary function of the House is to provide hostel, rest-room and recreation facilities for the non-naval personnel of minesweeper, drifter and other auxiliary craft based upon Kirkwall.

"A large number of these men are engaged in peace time in the fishing industry. It is therefore fortunate that Toc H has been able to secure the services, as Superintendent of the House, of Sister L. M. Wray of the Church Army, who has had unique experience for many years past of work amongst the fisher folk in northern waters, hundreds of whom are her friends.

"Under existing regulations these non-naval personnel do not obtain the advantages of Naval Sick Bay arrangements but, when sick, are visited by a local civilian doctor. In some cases they are despatched to hospital but in most instances they require just a short period of sick-nursing away from the cramped quarters in which they have been living perhaps for weeks in all conditions of weather. For such Wakefield House is an inestimable boon. One recent instance of this will suffice.

"One of the hands on board a drifter anchored in the Bay was taken suddenly ill at 3 a.m. The doctor, who was immediately summoned, telephoned to the local hospital but ascertained that no accommodation there was immediately available. Hearing this, a member of the crew remarked: 'The Sister at Toc H will look after him; she is a mother to us.' With the doctor's consent, the sick man was brought along to Wakefield House, where he was at once put into the bed which Sister Wray herself had only recently vacated. Fortunately, the necessity for a surgical operation was evaded and after a short period of rest the sick man was able to return to his ship, full of gratitude for all that had been done for him.

"Arrangements have also been made whereby, subject to the main requirements above mentioned, naval and even military personnel on short week-end leave from islands or outlying



PILGRIM HOUSE OF TOC H ORKNEY
The Convalescent Home for Men from Sea
Established by - Toc H and Pilgrim House
in ORKNEY, 1940

stations can, on the recommendation of Toc H, Kirkwall, obtain a night's rest at Wakefield House. Many of those men cannot obtain night leave at all unless they can produce a voucher to the effect that Toc H has promised to accommodate them. Such is the over-crowded state of the town of Kirkwall that the beds which Toc H can provide in limited numbers at Wakefield House are greatly in demand.

"Wakefield House, which bears the honoured name of the Senior President of Toc H, is in its origin due to his generous gift to Toc H, Orkney. It was founded on faith. The foundations are as sure as the rocky point on which it stands."

Hankey House

Next, Hankey House. Here let us quote from an account of its opening in *The Orkney Herald* of February 14:—

"In the case of the Donald and Maurice Hankey House—an Army hut erected at a spot called Netherbutton upon the road to Holm—Toc H has asked that one old soldier, named Thomas Russell, may be seconded as the caretaker. Russell enlisted in the present war, giving his age as 37. He is actually 56 years old, and has just come back to his unit from Balfour Hospital. He is unfit for heavy work in future; but he can be the mainstay of Toc H, living and working for the general benefit of troops within the neighbourhood. The Hankey House will now be his headquarters, and he will operate a small canteen with cigarettes and tea and keep the room both clean and comfortable.

"The hut contains some £50 of furniture bought at Stromness for this especial use. Beyond the matter of depreciation, which can be covered by the tiny profit upon the sale of tea and cigarettes, there will be no expense to be incurred. This profit will provide for writing paper, newspapers, magazines and minor needs. The primary purpose of this happy room is to enable soldiers to write home in comparative comfort and quiet surroundings. This is the case with every Toc H room. They can be used for other purposes from time to time, but this main need stands fast, since it is very clear to all who know that writing home is a domestic duty which, if neglected, leads to grave results both on the men and in the homes concerned.

"So soon as two more huts can be adjoined to this beginning, one will be regarded as a games room for ping pong; we have the table ready in Kirkwall. A half-size billiard table is also waiting, and both can share the games room without crowding. The third hut is the entrance hall to both, which stand on either side of the main entrance. The tea bar, and a small annexe for Russell's quarters as the caretaker, will complete the premises, which stand beside the road to Netherbutton."

Pilgrim House

Last, something about the latest venture, the 'Pilgrim House,' Woodwick House in Evie. The tenancy of this fine old house, standing in large grounds, is due to the

generosity of Mrs. Traill and the initial financing of it to a gift from the Pilgrim Trust. Its special purpose was thus outlined by Sutherland Graeme at the opening ceremony at the end of March:—

"It was to that poignant tragedy of the *Royal Oak*, enacted at our very doors, that Woodwick House in its new guise owes its origin. Tubby conceived the idea, an idea which found ready favour with the medical authorities, that in these distant, often tempestuous, climes where men are spending days on end in combating the perils of the sea and the brutal inhumanity of the enemy, there must come a time when both nature and continued efficiency demand not the facilities which our splendid hospitals so unsparingly provide, nor the benefits of the convalescent home as we know it, but a period, either shorter or longer, of rest and refreshment, away as far as possible, from the racket of their exacting nerve-racking

duties. Herein then is to be found the very core of Woodwick's intended functions, and it would, I am sure, be impossible to discover in those islands a haven of rest so admirably suited for their fulfilment. As time has progressed we have received the most valuable advice from the medical authorities of the Services, to whom we are indeed grateful, as to other functions which could most usefully be performed in this place, and not least of all that of giving men who must be specially fit for arduous work, an opportunity of a few days' recuperation away from their normal surroundings."

The matron in charge is Miss A. B. S. Macfie, Founder Pilot of L.W.H., who has found a fine job for her voluntary service.

These are the bare bones of a remarkable Toc H venture, the earliest in this war. We hope often to give further news of it.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

On Active Service

CHISHOLM.—In May, in the Military Hospital at Haifa, Trooper Douglas E. V. CHISHOLM, a member of Wells Group.

TONKISS.—In April, in action, J. R. TONKISS, Sergt.-Pilot, R.A.F., a member at Halton and Biggin Hill.

WOLVERSON.—In May, ERIC WOLVERSON, Leading Aircraftman, R.A.F.

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BELL.—In April, ARTHUR BELL, founder member of Caernarvon Group.

DUNKIN.—In April, C. B. DUNKIN, a member of Dunstable Branch. Elected 26.7.35.

EARDLEY-WILMOT.—On March 9, Colonel A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, a member of the General Branch since 1922.

SHARP.—In March, THOMAS ('Dock') SHARP, a member of Pontefract Group. Elected 7.7.37.

SMITH.—In May, LEONARD A. J. SMITH, a member of Witney Branch. Elected 15.12.33.

SPEER.—On March 23, Major F. SPEER, Chairman of Beckley Group. Elected 1.11.38.

WHITTAKER.—In April, F. W. WHITTAKER, Chairman of Austwick (Lancs.) Group. Elected Nov., '38.

YOUNG.—On April 12, Colonel WALTER H. YOUNG, a General member attached to Farnham Group.

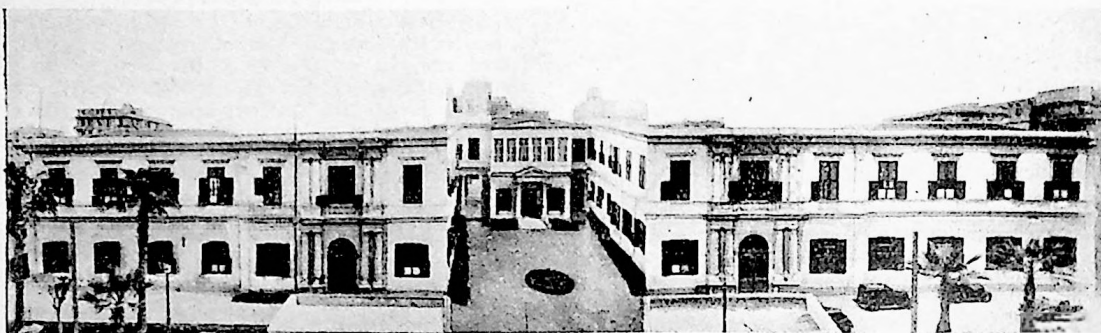
In Memoriam: William Jagers

Tubby writes: "Among the Elder Brethren in the May JOURNAL the name of William Jagers sadly figured as a member of the Group at Rainham, who was described as Chief Petty Officer. William Jagers, as all who know Toc H in Royal Navy are well aware, was Coxswain, H.M.S. *Fortune*, and Fleet Secretary, most widely known and very much respected throughout this dangerous branch of the Senior Service.

"He was devoted to, and utterly identified with, the progress of Toc H throughout the Fleet. Even since war began he carried on writing one hundred Toc H letters monthly, and exercising tact and pastoral care to a degree known only to his closest colleagues.

"On one occasion, early in this year, a tiny unit of Toc H ashore, who loved him dearly, heard his ship was in and went to greet him. When they reached the dock, they found that William Jagers had already landed. One of them returned to the small room and found Will Jagers scrubbing out the kitchen, as his first Toc H job—self assigned.

"He leaves behind two boys, one in the Navy, Erik, and one at school at Canterbury. Mrs. Jagers, the Group Secretary of L.W.H. at Rainham, has joined the Toc H Services Dept. and will be shortly working up in Orkney."



The Alexandria Fleet Club.

The newspapers have been making a good deal of the concentration of the Allied Fleets at Alexandria. We can guess, therefore, that the Fleet Club, of which news has been given more than once already in these pages, is working overtime. A recent letter from Dicky Dines spoke of the crowds of soldiers during the Easter leave as "terrific."

"We have over 200 beds," he writes, "but we could have done with 1,200. The beer-garden was full to overflowing, the restaurant at full pressure until midnight. The shops inside the Club did roaring business, the barber had to get extra hands in, the billiard-marker wanted to instal another five tables—I don't know where he was going to put them, but he said he would find a place somewhere. The Chapel had to be made into a bedroom, taking about 40 beds. I should make mention of the hundreds of New Zealanders. On Good Friday morning I filled up over twelve *pensions* and small hotels with these lads. . . ."

Dicky sends home the photograph of the Club, which we reproduce, and a leaflet by Alan Spender, the Naval Chaplain in charge. This explains the Club in lively fashion:—

"We started it last June. Some say that the building is over 100 years old—the first hospital in Egypt. It looked like it, for everything was in a hopeless state. We commenced with a small bar in the garden. Garden! Hardly the word; rubbish heap describes the situation better. However, after two desperate days, we were ready.

"Our first customer was discouraging. He talked about Claridge's Fleet Club of the old Abyssinian crisis days. 'What a marvellous place that was!', he announced. And when we suggested that we, too, might succeed, he threw us a look of doubt and left without buying anything.

"For a few weeks it was mighty hard going. Then, suddenly, success came. Patrons arrived in hundreds. 'There's nothing like it anywhere,' they said. Soon there were few who could resist the lure of the Alexandria Fleet Club; and our new worry was the smallness of the building which had at first seemed immense.

"But about ourselves. I'm a Naval Chaplain and Dicky Dines, my right-hand man, is the Mediterranean representative of Toc H. 'Why, in the name of fortune,' you may ask, 'should a parson, assisted by Dicky, some Royal Marines and a couple of stokers, wish to run a Club?' It's a simple matter, really. We worked it out this way. Beer at high prices, dirty beds in rather doubtful quarters of the city and bad money were making Alexandria no place for the sailor. There seemed to be nowhere for a fellow to go to for a good meal at a reasonable cost. . . . We didn't want just a third-rate canteen but a first-class club—a place with the best food, decent beds, a good glass of ale, the finest entertainment that could be organised. In short, a home with a friendly atmosphere; service and civility for all those in the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force. And we don't feel that we have failed. Without the Fleet Club Alexandria would be—just Alexandria. . . . P.S. A small Chapel stands in the Rose Garden, a haven of quiet in a noisy world. I hope you will find it a place where you can think and pray in peace in these days of anxiety and disappointment."

Three Musketeers.

Here is a letter bearing three signatures, which reached the Editor recently from across the Channel:—

"Dear Sir,—We are three privates of the B.E.F. We wish to offer our hearty thanks for your forwarding of the Toc H JOURNAL, in which we are greatly interested.

"We would like to say, in as few words as possible, how grateful we are that Toc H was founded.

"Our association with Toc H began with Tonbridge (Kent) Branch. From the very first visit at the beginning of our training in that town we were sincerely welcomed. After a few visits everything that was Toc H's was ours.

"One of the things for which we have to thank the Army is the friends we have made, and the good times we have had, at Tonbridge Toc H. On trying to express our thanks to the members of the Branch we found that words were inadequate. We not only have to thank them as a Branch but also individually.

"Thanking you once again for the JOURNAL."

FOR BLACKOUT AND BILLET

PAGES FOR READERS WHO HAVE MORE TIME AND A TASTE FOR MORE

THE SMALLER RATION AND THE BIGGER RISK.

The B.B.C. service for the troops on Sunday, April 7, was broadcast from the Oxford and Bermondsey Club. The talk, here printed, was given by ALEXANDER PATERSON, formerly Chairman of Toc H. He prefaced it with a short prayer:—

O God, there are many to-night, whose life is in Thy hands, and whose memory is in our hearts. They are on duty in ships and in trenches, cold perhaps, and a bit tired, waiting for their relief. Please give to them and to those who face the great perils of the air, the courage that upheld the early followers of Christ, and the happiness that He did find in laying down a life for friends. If they are stale in spirit, refresh them; if they are anxious, do reassure them. To Thee, Who art the strength of all the strong, and the hope of all the strugglers, we commend our brothers who are on watch to-night. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

* * * * *

MOST men swear by Christ. You can hear them every day, wherever you may serve. Spending Easter three years ago with the French convicts on Devil's Island, I noticed that few, if any, of them could voice a grievance or make a petition without impassioned reference to the "sacred name of Jesus Christ." It just shows they are all at heart religious, like the rest of us.

We know that being religious has little or nothing to do with attending services at stated times. It consists rather of two voluntary acts on our part. The first is accepting a leader who has chosen us, and the second is leading a life in accordance with his will.

If men wish to express their feelings or their opinions most forcibly, it would make no sense to swear by Cæsar or Pericles or Napoleon. They know that Christ is the greatest figure in human history. The claim of St. Paul that at His name every knee should bow is still true after two thousand years. Even the fuddled fellow, who has found in the French beer a potency I could never discover, picking his way home to the billet in the barn, feels a bit of a jerk as he catches sight of the wayside Calvary at the cross-roads. You can see him come rather

clumsily to the salute. Though they may not always admit it, all men of our race admire Christ more than anyone else who has ever lived.

It is because He appeals to all sorts of men, and to all sides of them. The old sporting cry in the ring: "One for the loser," is a clear echo of His teaching: the rules of cricket could not have been drawn up by anyone who had never read the Sermon on the Mount. The attention we give so naturally to the lame, the aged and the blind reflect acceptance of His gospel. His courage excites the worship of us all. On the Cross, every nerve tingling with intolerable agony, He does not ask for release, but commends mother to care of friend, and friend to that of mother. When you walk to death, He is the best companion of them all, better than rum rations and lucky charms.

If He had shirked the Cross and chosen the throne, He would have lived on in our memory as one of many great men. By giving up Himself for others He taught us that lordship and mastery come not from power and authority, but from suffering and service, and made for Himself a place in our hearts that no other can ever fill.

We all accept Him as the best leader as soon as we begin to think about Him—but how much harder to lead a life that is in any way like His. Yet it can be done. There is no ship, platoon or battery that does not contain some who make the effort. Here in this Club, on our War Memorial, is written the name of a junior platoon sergeant, who would laugh loudly to think that he was ever quoted as a follower of Christ. You should have seen him striding gallantly along the

French pavé, with a couple of packs and three rifles that he had borrowed from men more tired than he, singing his vulgar songs a little out of tune. Arriving at the billet for the night, there is one bed for the sergeant and a hard floor for the rest. Yet his authority does not rest on demanding the rights due to his position, but rather on the service he renders his fellows. The bed is given to the most tired soldier, a man of close on sixty years: "Get down to it, Dad—you need it more than us." He brings into the canteen the same fresh gaiety that came to the wedding-feast at Cana in Galilee. And in the end he falls, going himself on an errand under fire, rather than chance the life of another. It was typical of him that he always took the smaller ration and the bigger risk. There are many such to-day in all the Forces.

Although being religious is not just a matter of attending services, yet it does help those who are trying to follow if we get together in the services of club or church or chapel. We don't have to be good to go to a service, or perfect to go to communion. The most fortunate number in Christianity is thirteen. How many were there at the last supper in Jerusalem? If there had been only twelve, it would mean that Christ refused to have Judas there. In fact there were thirteen. So there was room for a rotter at His table.

It is better to get together. Taken singly, we surrender easily, but together we can stand all weathers, face all foes, and gain a strength we never knew before. So shall the Forces move, swearing still, maybe, by Him, but acclaiming Him their hero, following in His steps, wherever they may lead—and if to a Cross, why, that shall prove to be the greatest victory of all.

Many of us, who by the accident of age and wounds are forbidden to take our place on the active list, wish to send our message to the younger men who now bear the brunt. We believe from the bottom of our hearts that you are better men than we were. Memories flash back of a dirty night in the front line, when four played whist in a flimsy shelter in order to keep awake. A shell burst so near that the roof fell in, the candles blew out, there was just darkness and falling tin and sandbags. No one of the four knew whether any of the other three were still alive. At last, out of the darkness, came the voice of the youngest of the Bermondsey bombers: "I think it's your turn to play." We say the same to you. We know you will.

A Closing Prayer

And now may God, Who sent His only Son to suffer for us, send also His Holy Spirit to support us, this night and for ever more. *Amen.*

THE PACIFIST AND TOC H

After a recent discussion at a Branch meeting, at which a pacifist was 'bold to speak his mind' in the presence of several soldiers who quietly objected, a member wrote to TUBBY to consult him on the propriety of such discussion at the present time. TUBBY's reply was brought before the Central Executive and is printed in the JOURNAL at their request. After pointing out that his reply is not 'official' but expresses his own views, TUBBY writes:—

IT is a vital matter which you have raised. Most certainly no man on active service can be allowed by the authorities, far less encouraged, to attend a meeting at which a pacifist is eloquent. I should have thought a pacifist to-day might be content to leave Toc H alone, or take a quiet share in its proceedings, since all his food and his security are due to those who love peace as sincerely and are as Christian in their attitude. Some

of the finest Christians I have known have died already in the Northern Seas, opposing with supreme self-sacrifice a force inimical to Christian teaching. Had they not been prepared to die for others, the gentleman in question would have starved; nor would he have a roof above his head unless a number of good Christian men were unconverted to his point of view.

May I explain somewhat my own position.

Our Lord and Saviour owned no property. When he required a coin for illustration it had to be produced by someone else. Since He owned nothing, He was wholly free of the necessity of self-defence. His chosen few, however, were permitted to have a common purse for their bare needs, and also to retain at least two swords with which to guard themselves on one occasion. He plainly had not taught them to abjure all self-defence; for He knew all too well that this would lead to utter inability to face the thief and robber of those times. He counselled them perpetually to give all they possessed to those who asked a boon. He never told them to surrender ownership to those who threatened; rather He advised that a strong man would keep his goods in peace.

Britain has disobeyed this last injunction. The processes of history itself have laid on Britain great responsibilities throughout the world. That cannot be denied; nor can a man who really knows the facts maintain that Britain has of recent years attempted to expand her own possessions. The principles of liberty and justice have on the whole formed part of our régime. Hitler's own tribute to the benefits which India has received under our rule are a sufficient proof that from Great Britain there has gone forth liberal administration. To-day, however, Britain and France are menaced with the extinction of their liberty which would affect all persons in this realm—including pacifists, who would be silenced by the Gestapo most unpleasantly.

What is the Christian course now to pursue? How can we help the cause of Christ most truly? By standing apart and immune from the hardships and perils of active service, or by accepting our fair share of them? Throughout Christ's teaching there is not one word encouraging His followers to shelter behind the hardships and the sufferings of other men. To do so, in my view, is clean contrary to the spirit of the

Gospel. If pacifists disowned all property, I should regard them with far more respect. So long, however, as they are content to own what others envy, they rely upon the use of force to some extent in order to safeguard their own possessions. What a man owns, he also must defend; for otherwise his ownership arouses the envious ambition of his neighbour, who may become a thief on his account. Britain has been most terribly misled, largely by those who thought she could pursue the way of peace through premature disarmament within a world which envied her possessions. Illogical ideals and muddled thinking, and pacifists themselves, have thus combined to bring about the present tragedy. Our weakness and our laxity in effort, a Resolution at the Oxford Union, the Peace Crusade, the No More War Campaign, and all the other sentimental symptoms of an unwillingness on our part to face the age we live in with discretion, has brought upon us this immense misfortune, and we are now about to pay the price.

God is both wise and good. Wisdom is needed in order to obey the will of God as much as goodness. Goodness without wisdom does not reflect the spirit of the Gospel, in which Our Lord lays constant emphasis upon the obligation which demands that all who follow in His sacred footsteps should be prepared to die for any other man. There are men dying at this very moment; there are men wounded, broken and distressed, leaving their homes, their happiness, their freedom, in order that the freedom of the nations now overrun may be again restored. Are not these men entitled to our thanks? Are they to be regarded as offenders against the law of Christ? Toc H began with men like these, who were prepared to do their dangerous duty for the sake of others. Those who are not prepared thus to fulfil the duty which the State demands of them are to my mind wise to be silent now.

P. B. C.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CENTRAL COUNCIL.

THE Central Council, the governing body of Toc H, held its Annual Meeting on Saturday, April 20, in London. Councilors assembled first, according to custom, in All Hallows Church for prayers and then crossed Tower Hill for the meeting at 42, Trinity Square. It was, of course, the first meeting ever held in war-time and, considering the claims of work and the difficulties of travel, there was a remarkably good attendance. The tone of the meeting throughout was businesslike and clearly optimistic.

HARRY WILLINK, as Chairman of the Central Executive, took the chair. He read to the meeting two messages from Toc H in the B.E.F. The first was a personal letter from Padre Pat Leonard to himself, the second, from Rex Calkin, ran as follows:—

Greetings to the Central Council from your team with the B.E.F.

The first House is doing its job well. Mark II, B.E.F., is about to open. Three more Houses are in active preparation. The demand far exceeds supply. If provision can be made, there will be at least three more Houses, making eight.

Many members are taking their pals to their own Toc H meetings in all sorts of places. Many are finding their way to Mark I, B.E.F., in the forward area. Many other soldiers and airmen ask: "What is Toc H? Why haven't we struck this before?" They will find the first part of the answer in the Houses out here—their temporary homes.

The Frenchman asks: "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que Toc H (Toc Ahsh)?*" He finds that he mustn't buy his cigarettes there, but at once understands the reply: "*Un foyer du soldat*," for he knows the meaning of "home."

Pat Leonard and Grahame Hamilton, Reg Staton and Hugh Pilcher, and now Ben Dakin, join me in wishing you all a meeting full of undaunted vigour.

Appointment of Principal Officers.

Hon. Administrator: HUBERT SECRETAN (late Hon. Administrator) was loudly cheered as he rose (as he said) "from a seat below the gangway, the traditional place for ex-members of the Government," to commend the Executive's choice of W. J. LAKE LAKE as his successor.

J. R. BROWN (Central Executive) seconded the confirmation, and the Council received it with acclamation.

Joint Administrative Padre: Padre GILBERT WILLIAMS moved to confirm the appointment of Padre HERBERT LEGGATE as Joint Administrative Padre, and Dr. L. F. BROWNE seconded. The appointment was warmly agreed to.

The Annual Report.

THE CHAIRMAN, in introducing the Annual Report, said that it was one of the last things Hubert Secretan had written before he left Toc H Headquarters for his post in the Ministry of Shipping. To-day Hubert was among them in a new rôle, that of a Vice-President of Toc H. He quoted the letter of Lord Halifax to *The Times*:—

"I regard the varied work which Toc H has been doing since the last war as the best possible training for what it is now undertaking, and the simple methods it has evolved during those years as a great asset now. I am confident that it will not fail to make its full contribution, in spirit and in action, in the time of our need."

Since last September the shape and distribution of the organisation of Toc H had been extraordinarily changed. He supposed every unit had lost a large percentage of its membership; every committee was in the same position. One thing they ought now to be extremely grateful for was that the movement, which some of them thought at times had acquired too much machinery, too much red tape, too much correspondence and so on, seemed to have regained its flexibility which enabled it to adapt itself to entirely new conditions. In the units there had been a spirit of enterprise and adventure in a very remarkable degree. It was right to say that more than ever had been thrown upon the members of the staff who had undertaken responsibilities of all kinds. From what he heard he knew that what they were doing and trying to do was greatly appreciated. Pat had reported that the Chaplain General had expressed great satisfaction for the way they were setting about their task with the B.E.F., and confidence in what they were trying to do was evidenced by the allocation to them of St. Stephen's Club. He moved that they receive and consider the Annual Report.

HUBERT SECRETAN seconded. He said that it was of deliberate purpose that the reference to the first Object of Toc H was made prominent in the Report because he thought that they must keep that in the forefront of their minds. It was the business of Toc H in war as in peace to do its own special job. If it provided comforts and amenities for the troops it was doing it as a means of entering into the hearts and minds of men. It was absolutely essential that they should keep that straight. There was a danger of any body of people doing a particular kind of job being so absorbed in the doing of it that they lost sight of the end for which they were working. The classic example of that, of course, was the present régime in Germany. He supposed many of them had read Dr. Rauschnig's book, in which he makes the point over and over again that, with all its efficiency, the emptiness of the Nazi régime is shown by the fact that it can set up no other ideal than marching, marching. There was a danger of a body like Toc H finding its ideal in *doing, doing*.

There was also a short paragraph in the Report about papers which had been issued from Headquarters under the title "In the Service of Truth." He believed that one of the most important jobs they had got to do was to get men to think of the happenings of to-day in the light of the eternal values, and he hoped that those papers and the various articles in the JOURNAL would be read not only by members but put across to other people. The sin of ignorance was one of the chief sins of this age. Toc H had got to keep this steadily in mind; it needed emphasising now because there was a tendency to say, "We are busy with war jobs and can't think now; we must leave that to a future day." If they found themselves tackling far greater problems which would follow this war than those now confronting them and had not done any thinking about them, they would have failed to do their most important job. He believed it to be vital that they should be quite sure of what they were trying to get men to think. There was a lot of glib talk going on of making a Christian world

after the war. People very often did not stop to think what they meant by that, and there was a real danger that out of that attempt would come not what they wanted, which was a world in which the men who would have to speak for it, to control any large or small portion of it, should recognise and act upon the Christian principle as the fundamental thing. Their job in using Toc H as a means of opening men's minds must never be to try to persuade men that there is one policy which all men must follow.

He personally was convinced that one of the reasons why the world was in the state it was to-day was because somehow the Christian Church or Churches had failed to take account of that vast body of silent people who were outside the Church, who did not claim membership of the Church, but who had within them, ready to be brought out, a deep desire to follow Jesus Christ. If one might compare a mighty thing with a much smaller thing, it was the silent, uncommitted voter, who was not a member of this or that party, who swayed political action; in the future disposition of the world it would be those millions of silent undeclared men who would sway the world. Toc H was meant to be a bridge between men who had accepted full church membership and those waiting, often agonising, millions upon whom the future would depend. (*Cheers*).

Padre HERBERT LEGGATE said he was not primarily interested in jobs, but only in the activities of Toc H in so far as they declared to men the fact that "behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities." In the first few weeks of the war it became clear that something had been happening in Toc H. There was evidence, again and again, of real activity amongst the units, who before long had started over two hundred sizable efforts up and down the country. He would give one typical instance of what was happening. Dallas Ralph and John Callf went down to a certain district to speak to one of the weakest Branches to be found anywhere. There were only three live men in it. Subsequently John (who had invested in a cycle and had developed a distressed area of

his own) found himself outside this town again and called in to see what was happening there. To his astonishment he found that those three people had been to see the mayor, and bishop and the leading citizens, had got together a town's committee, and were preparing an appeal for raising funds. In a short time a House was opened, and was now being used by a considerable number of men. That sort of thing was happening all over the country. The post-bag had been interesting. They had received a piece of paper with just this message: "With love and prayers from a well-wisher," and a cheque for £95.

Very soon they began to hear from overseas. The response from overseas had been magnificent. The Argentine, for example, sent a cheque for £200. That week they had sent another for £500. (*Cheers*). Australia was prepared to provide a House in the Middle East. New Zealand, which was a poor relation, had put into its budget £100 for the home front. A request had been received from India as to what the War Chest Boxes were like so that they might do their part towards the home effort. In Canada, Australia and South Africa Toc H was functioning with the troops in the same way as they were at home.

As regards the Houses at home, there was a House at Southampton, which was a romance in itself. There were Houses at Bedford, Reading, Coventry, Portsmouth, Barry, York, Bicester. There would be a House in a few days at Carlisle. A House at Plymouth would be opened shortly. There was a House at Herne Bay and another at Chichester, and a House would be shortly opened at Wolverhampton. There were Houses going for which they had no financial responsibility at Crewe, Peterborough, Louth, Wisbech and Stoke. Those were just a selection from a list, large in their capacity and in the job they were doing. They were not financially responsible for anything like the whole of this. In those places where they were responsible Rotarians and other people had made their efforts possible. On this job there were at present 25 staff men engaged at home and in France. That number was

likely to be increased. At present they had not got the men available. It was no use opening a workshop unless they were able to put a workman in.

As for Headquarters, they were thrilled to be in on this job and grateful for the privilege of doing it.

W. J. HAWKEY (Bursar) told the Council how he had been asked to undertake the raising of £50,000 for the war work of Toc H. He had had twenty-five years' experience of raising money for three splendid bodies—the British Sailors' Society, the League of Nations Union and University College Hospital, and he accounted it a great privilege to be allowed to work for Toc H. He felt a deep responsibility towards it. He must keep in his own mind, and instil into the minds of others, exactly what it was that Toc H stood for. In these early stages his work was difficult, but he was increasingly conscious of the fact that he and Major Slessor, who was assisting him, had a wonderful opportunity and must and would succeed. He went on to speak of visits he had paid to various places to see Toc H at work and about his plans. He regarded the job as an attempt to break new ground and hoped that the appeal would be the means of bringing in influential men who would stand by Toc H permanently, long after the appeal itself was over.

In answer to a request from R. CANNING for more information about the Toc H Marks, A. C. EDGAR (Administrator's Assistant) said that the Marks had been very badly hit by the war. Hostellers fell off tremendously in London, as well as in the provinces. Mark XVI (Swindon) was occupied almost entirely by part of headquarters staff. The situation gradually improved, and only three had been closed down as an immediate result of the war. Mark III (Hackney) had been closed. Mark XIX (Woolwich) had been under sentence, but had been reprieved before the war; it was now closed. The statement in the JOURNAL that Pierhead House was closed was incorrect, though it might be closed in the near future. Mark IV Manchester was closed about a month ago. From

the end of the year the position had much improved. The London Marks were doing much better. Mark VII was doing extraordinarily good work with both hostellers and the Refugee Club. Mark I was, he believed, now full. Mark II had never been full but was, so to speak, overflow accommodation for officer cadets and others. It was, in fact, their general reserve. Mark XIII was still going strong. Mark XX, for one reason or another, was not in a good way. With regard to the provinces, Mark V (Southampton) was very happy to start with. They had some medical people billeted upon them who had now departed. Bristol was still doing well and was full. Ken Bloxham had given good reports of Mark VI (Birmingham), which was also full. With regard to Gladstone House (Liverpool) he did not think any Mark was doing better. In Manchester Henry Bursey had now moved to Mark XIV. Brotherton House (Leeds) was still going strong. The Hull Mark they were uncertain about, but they were keeping it going hoping that it would find a full peace- or war-time job. Derby was full and doing excellent work for munition workers, while the last news from Mark XVIII (Newcastle) showed that that, too, was on the upgrade.

Padre F. E. FORD said that, by an oversight, no mention had been made in the Annual Report of the extremely generous gift from Lady Gladstone of £2,000, to be spread over a period of seven years, for the endowment of a chaplaincy for work in and around Gladstone House, Liverpool.

The Accounts.

Major D. S. CAMPBELL (Hon. Treasurer) said the excess of expenditure over income of £1,204 was not altogether unsatisfactory if one considered the difficulties they had had to contend with due to the outbreak of war. The results were, in fact, better than they appeared at first sight, as £9,687 received by way of legacies, special donations, nett proceeds of the Hampton Court Garden Party and the Mansion House Dinner, were included under Capital Account. If those items had been included under ordinary in-

come there would have been a substantial surplus.

The fact that they were able so nearly to balance their revenue account was due principally to the reduction of over £5,000 in ordinary expenditure. Unfortunately during the same time their income from normal sources fell by nearly £3,500, but in view of the state of international affairs that was only to be expected.

If war had not intervened there was little doubt that they would have ended the year with a surplus. As it was they were in a comparatively strong position to meet war expenditure which was inevitable if they were to seize the many opportunities which presented themselves both at home and overseas. This expenditure could not as yet be accurately estimated, but taking into account their present commitments for the B.E.F., St. Stephen's Club and other Services Clubs, it was likely to exceed £15,000 during the present year, and not very much less, if any, in subsequent years. They hoped to raise sufficient funds to meet this expenditure through special efforts now being made by the Bursar, W. J. Hawkey, with Paul Slessor as his assistant.

Should their expenditure outrun their income they were in a position temporarily to borrow from their bankers as they had 'free' investments of a present market value of about £40,000. It was hoped, however, that that position would not arise as, having succeeded in reducing their overdraft to £7,013 at the close of the financial year, and having further reduced it since, they were anxious to avoid another expansion of this liability.

B. T. DICKSON seconded the adoption of the Accounts.

W. LAIDLAW raised the question of the continued loss on the London Sports Club, and W. J. MUSTERS (Registrar) explained that last June they had found a purchaser for the Sports Ground, but the purchase was now postponed until after the war. There was no Sports Club now.

E. H. GAND and ALAN COWLING asked questions about the Staff Pension Scheme,

and the Registrar explained that it had not been dropped but, by arrangement with the insurance company, was in abeyance for the war period.

The Accounts were then received, and Councillors adjourned for tea.

The New Administrator.

W. J. LAKE LAKE, who was loudly applauded, thanked them for confirming his appointment. He said that, while much of their attention was now directed to the gathering of funds for the great work Toc H had before it, money was not the only thing they were short of. They were definitely short of man-power for the Service Clubs and Houses in France and in this country.

Toc H was entering upon a new period of its history. It had been brought about primarily by the war, but, even if war had not come upon them they would have been moving towards new landfalls. But with the advent of war they had to encounter a demand for Toc H, for the Toc H spirit, which was unprecedented in their history. There were those among them who felt that their energies should not be focused too closely on merely making soldiers comfortable and handing them cups of tea. What they must extend to them was the Toc H spirit, and they must be sure that there was an increasing fund of it—not confined to the Services Clubs but further afield. In other words, they had to fight all along the line. Naturally, like good fishermen, they went where the trout were in greater numbers, and they were right in following the men whom they wanted to get hold of to where they could be found in the mass. But that was not their only function. Toc H was actually functioning in a variety of ways, all the way from those men out in the leper colonies, through the armed Forces, right down to the lad who could be given nothing better to do than to dig Mrs. Somebody's cabbage patch in his village. That was the present picture of Toc H. That picture was growing. At this time they were likely to develop into what might be called an international force. There was a lot waiting for them to do in countries other than their own.

St. Stephen's Club.

BARCLAY BARON spoke briefly about St. Stephen's Services Club, opposite Big Ben, of which he was now Warden. The first purpose of the Club from the Army point of view was that there should be a large number of beds for men passing through London. The authorities wanted to get them into institutions where they would be at home for their last night in London before joining the B.E.F. For the last three nights they had bedded 500 men. At present they had 100 men with them leaving for the B.E.F. that night. They had arrived, as they always did arrive, very tired. They streamed into a room where they deposited their kits and rifles, and then came upstairs expecting to find some sort of sleeping place, but found instead a most delicious meal, and people waiting up to serve them. They could not believe it was true. Many said they would like to stay there for the duration. (*Laughter*). When they came back on leave it was to St. Stephen's that they would come.

Tubby Speaks.

Tubby began by referring to the possibility of Toc H being able to serve in other theatres of war besides the B.E.F., for instance, in Norway. He said that one of the things he had come to learn about was recruitment, and he had heard very little about that. Out of the vast number of men Toc H was dealing with, how was recruitment going, and was it balanced? Were they getting the officers in? If not they would ultimately come out with an unbalanced Toc H. At the present moment there was no institution dealing with the most neglected fellow, the young naval or army officer. They in Toc H saw very little of them. He would like to know how things stood in that respect.

He then gave an absorbing and thrilling account of life in the Orkneys and what Toc H had already done and was doing there. At the close of his remarks he paid a moving tribute to the memory of Coxswain Will Jagers.

This talk was a fitting close to an excellent Council meeting, and, after prayers, the members dispersed.

TOC H PUBLICATIONS

*All communications regarding publications should be sent to the Registrar,
Toc H, High Street, Swindon. Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.*

BOOKS

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By Tubby. 1s.
PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. By Tubby. Longmans, 3s. 6d.
TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. By P. W. Monie. Boards, 1s.
TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS. By Hubert Secretan. Boards, 1s.
THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP. Edited by Tubby. Longmans, Paper, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.
A BIRTHDAY BOOK. Twenty-one years of Toc H. Illustrated. 176 pp. 2s.
A TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES FOR USE IN TOC H (Revised). 9d. each.
POCKETFUL OF PRAYERS. Revised Ed. 1s.
LONDON BELOW BRIDGES. By Hubert Secretan. 3s. 6d.
TOC H INDIA AND BURMA. 6d. each.
ARTIFEX: THE CRAFTSMAN IN TOC H. 6d.
GARDENS OF FLANDERS. Talbot House and the War Cemeteries. Illustrated. 6d.
THE BRIDGE BUILDERS. 1s. post free.
LINKMEN. Parts I and II. 1s. each post free.

PAMPHLETS

- A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS. 2 pp. Free. Post free.
A TALK ON TOC H, as broadcast by Ian W. Macdonald. 4 pp. Free. Post free.
TOC H DEFINED. 1d. each; 9d. per dozen.
CONCERNING TOC H. 2d. each; 1s. 6d. per dozen.
1. *Talbot House.* 16 pp.
2. *The Re-Birth.* 12 pp.
3. *The First Ten Years.* 8 pp.
4. *The Main Resolution.* 12 pp.
5. *The Lamp.* 16 pp.
6. *Fellowship.* 12 pp.
7. *Thinking Fairly.* 12 pp.
"I SERVE." How a man can help boys. 2d.
A HYMN SHEET FOR TOC H SERVICES. 4s. 6d. per 100. Post free.
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